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SCARED.

CONFUSED.

POWERLESS.

ALL OF 'EM EXCEPT *HIM*...

SAVIOR
PART TWO

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LOGAN.

I AM... *SURPRISED* TO FIND YOU HERE.

SURPRISED T'SEE YOU *TOO*, RED.

FIGURED YOU'D BE *DEAD* BY NOW...

HA!

NO, LOGAN...

...OMEGA RED *LIVES.*

PERHAPS DEATH DOES NOT *WANT* ME--PERHAPS DEATH IS AFRAID I WILL *KILL* HIM.

YEAH...

...I'M *SURE* THAT'S WHAT IT IS.

HEH...

THIS *PLACE*... IS FOR *MUTANTS* WHO'VE LOST THEIR *POWERS.*

HAVE YOU... *LOST YOUR POWERS,* LOGAN?

IF I *KILL* YOU...

"...WILL YOU *STAY* DEAD?"

WE HAVE A HEARTBEAT.

DALLAS, TEXAS; APPROXIMATELY 40 YEARS AGO:

IT'S *IRREGULAR*, BUT--

TWENTY-ONE HOURS, THIRTY-EIGHT MINUTES--MORE THAN...

...*THREE TIMES* SLOWER THAN HIS *NORMAL* RATE OF REGENERATION.

I BELIEVE WE'VE FOUND OUR *SILVER BULLET*--

CARBONADIUM.

WHICH I WILL NOW REMOVE FROM THE SUBJECT'S *ABDOMEN*...

OH, NO...

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY...

SHOULD I *ANESTHETIZE* THE SUBJECT?

HHYYYYAAAAAHH!

FFUMP!

HE PULLED OUT HIS *MONITORS*...BUT I'M RELATIVELY *CERTAIN* THAT HE'S--

YES--BUT WE MUST MOVE *QUICKLY.*

TEK!

WITH THE *CARBONADIUM* REMOVED FROM HIS BODY, HIS *REGENERATIVE FACTOR* WILL REVERT BACK TO *NORMAL.*

GIVE ME A *HAND,* PLEASE?

ONCE YOU'VE--*UNGH!*--ASSISTED ME IN SECURING THE SUBJECT IN *THE CHAIR*, YOU'RE FREE TO GO.

MAKE SURE TO--*UNH!*--PLACE YOUR LAB CLOTHES IN THE *INCINERATOR* ON YOUR WAY OUT.

OF COURSE, SIR.

HAS THE REST OF THE TEAM EVACUATED FROM THE SITE?

YES, SIR--*NNG!*--THEY HAVE.

WE'RE THE ONLY TWO LEFT.

CHK!

I'VE, UH... I'VE NEVER ACTUALLY *SEEN* IT...

THAT'S WHAT IS USED TO *REPLACE LOGAN'S MEMORIES?*

NO, NO, NO...

THAT IS WHAT IS USED TO *DESTROY* HIS MEMORIES.

ONCE THE SUBJECT IS PLACED IN THE CHAIR AND RESTRAINED, THE HEADSET IS PLACED ATOP THE SUBJECT'S CRANIUM--

...AND *SECURED.*

SSSHAK!

ONCE THAT IS DONE, ELECTRICAL CURRENT IS PASSED INTO THE SUBJECT'S BRAIN VIA THE PENETRATING DIODES TO SPECIFIED AREAS OF THE CEREBRAL CORTEX KNOWN TO STORE ***SHORT-TERM MEMORIES,*** DESTROYING THE ***BRAIN CELLS*** AND, THEREFORE, THE ***MEMORIES THEMSELVES.***

AS THE AFFECTED PORTIONS OF THE BRAIN ***REGENERATE,*** I--OR ANOTHER WITH MY QUALIFICATIONS--STEADILY AND REPEATEDLY DICTATE AN... ***ALTERNATE*** VERSION OF RECENT EVENTS TO THE SUBJECT.

"MEMORY IMPLANTS," SO TO SPEAK.

ONCE THE SUBJECT IS ***CONSCIOUS*** AND NEAR ***FULL RECOVERY,*** I--PRETENDING TO BE HIS ATTENDING PHYSICIAN-- ***"RELUCTANTLY"*** CLEAR HIM FOR ACTIVE DUTY AND THEN PROVIDE HIM WITH A ***SEALED DOSSIER*** CONTAINING DETAILS FOR HIS ***NEXT MISSION.***

AND ***OFF HE GOES,*** NONE THE WISER.

HEH-HEH...

WHAT'S SO ***FUNNY?***

OH, NOTHING... I WAS JUST REMEMBERING THE ***LAST TIME*** I DID THIS--HE ACTUALLY ***THANKED*** ME.

FOR ***HELPING*** HIM.

HA! THAT IS FUNNY--

WHAP!

KHUKK--!

NOT SO... FUNNY NOW...

...IS IT?

GLGK--!

LOGAN, LISTEN TO ME!

SHUT UP!

I'M--I'M ON *YOUR* SIDE! I'M ON YOUR *TEAM!*

SHUT--

SKLTCH!

--UP!

WHAT...

...THE HELL...?

MY GOD...

I-IT WASN'T *ME!*

I'M... I...

I REMEMBER IT *ALL.*

WHO GIVES THE ORDERS?

MY ORDERS.

YOUR ORDERS.

I WANNA KNOW WHO'S *BEHIND* ALL O' THIS--WHO I'VE BEEN *KILLIN'* FOR ALL THIS TIME.

AN' *WHY.*

YER GONNA *TELL* ME.

AN' YER GONNA TELL ME THE *TRUTH*... 'CAUSE IF YOU *LIE*, I'LL *SMELL* IT ON YA.

I GOT A NOSE FOR THAT KINDA THING.

NOW...

...*TELL* ME.

I...

DON'T...

...*KNOW.*

SNIFF!

TELL ME WHAT YOU *DO* KNOW.

I-I *CAN'T!*

YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND-- THEY'LL *KILL* ME!

YEAH. "*THEY*" MIGHT.

LATER.

BUT I *WILL* KILL YOU.

RIGHT NOW.

IT'S A *MERCENARY* OPERATION.

I'M CONTACTED VIA TELEPHONE, TOLD WHEN AND WHERE TO RENDEZVOUS WITH A *TEAM*--NEVER THE SAME PEOPLE TWICE.

NO ONE KNOWS WHERE THE ORDERS COME FROM. NO ONE CARES. WE JUST TAKE THE MONEY AND DO WHAT WE'RE TOLD.

YOU'RE DELIVERED TO US...USUALLY *UNCONSCIOUS* AND HAVING SUFFERED *SEVERE TRAUMA.* MY ORDERS ARE TO ALTER YOUR MEMORIES--TO "*BRAINWASH*" YOU. IT'S THE SAME SCRIPT EVERY TIME.

ONCE YOU'VE BEEN...*PREPARED*, I SIMPLY TELL YOU THAT YOU WERE INJURED DURING YOUR LAST MISSION BUT THAT, DESPITE THE ODDS, YOU MADE IT OUT. YOU *SUCCEEDED.*

BECAUSE YOU'RE THE BEST THERE IS AT WHAT YOU DO.

THIS TIME, THOUGH--THIS TIME WAS *DIFFERENT.* IN ADDITION TO THE NORMAL ROUTINE, I WAS INSTRUCTED TO DOCUMENT THE EFFECTS OF CARBONADIUM ON YOUR REGENERATIVE--

THE *DOSSIER.*

GIVE IT TO ME.

I--I CAN *COVER* FOR YOU.

I CAN REPORT THAT THE *PROCEDURE* WAS *SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED...*

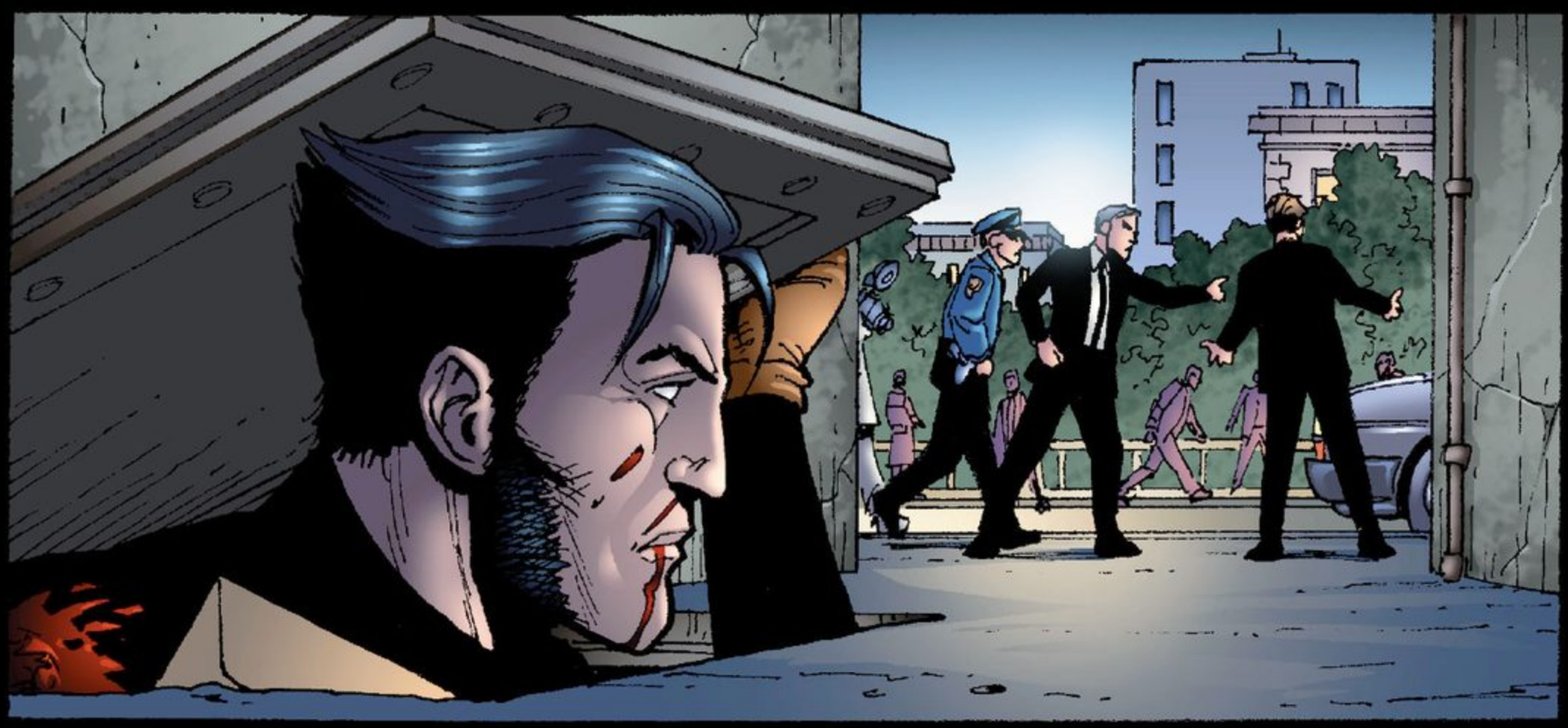
...WITH ONLY A *SLIGHT COMPLICATION.*

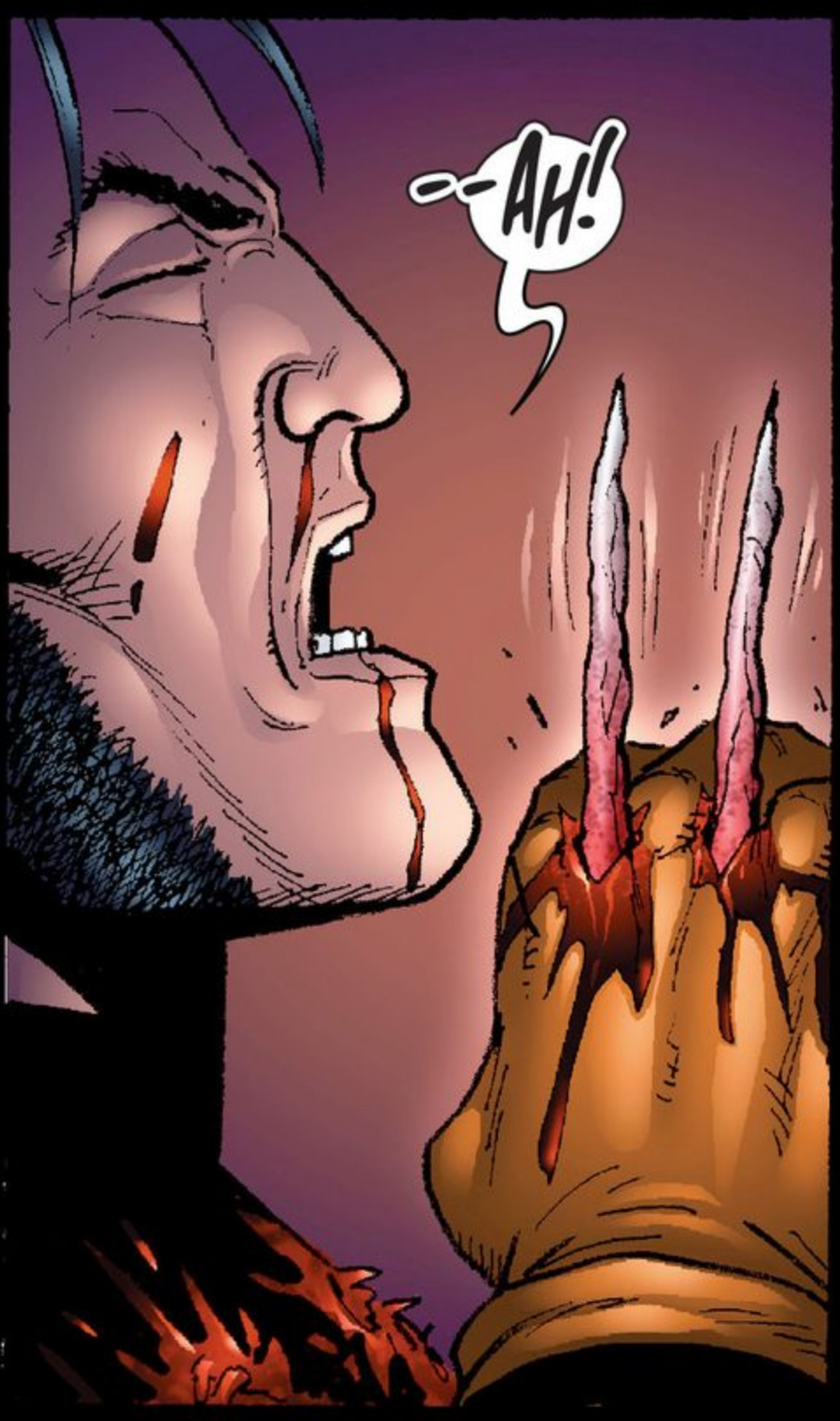
YEAH.

I THINK IT'D BE IN YER BEST INTERESTS T'DO *JUS' THAT.*

AN' *NEXT* TIME...

...DON'T ANSWER THE PHONE.




AH!

WHAT THE HELL'S IN BERLIN?
"THE CARBONADIUM SYNTHESIZER."

WOULD YOU LIKE TO NOW TELL ME WHERE IT *IS*?

I STOLE IT.

A LONG TIME AGO.

IN *BERLIN.*

THEN ABOUT THIRTY YEARS *LATER*-- AFTER MY MEMORIES'D BEEN *WIPED* AN' I'D FORGOTTEN WHY I'D STOLEN IT IN THE *FIRST* PLACE-- I GAVE IT TO *HIM.*

MAVERICK.

MY OLD *TEAMMATE* FROM MY DAYS IN THE *CIA.*

THE GUY I STOLE IT *FROM.*

OR MAYBE I ASK YOUR *FRIEND...*

...JUBILEE.

I CAME HERE TO *GET IT BACK.*

PROBLEM IS, SO DID *OMEGA RED.*

IT HAPPENS FAST.

I CALL OUT ORDERS TO MAVERICK AN' JUBILEE, ALREADY MOVIN'.

BOTH OF 'EM HAVE THE *TRAININ'* AN' THE *EXPERIENCE*-- THEY DON'T HESITATE.

LUCKILY, NEITHER DO THE *CIVILIANS.*

RED PUTS *HIS* PLAYERS ON THE FIELD, *TOO.* HE SPEAKS IN *RUSSIAN,* BUT I CAN UNDERSTAND HIM.

UNTIL THE *BULLETS* START POPPIN' AND I CAN'T HEAR *NOTHIN'.*

I DRAW THEIR FIRE, KEEPIN' IT AWAY FROM THE *CIVILIANS.*

BUT THE *GUNS* AN' THE GUYS *HOLDIN'* 'EM ARE THE *LAST* THING I'M WORRIED ABOUT.

OMEGA RED'S THE *REAL* PROBLEM.

A *PSYCHOPATH.*

AN' HIS... *COILS.*

CARBONADIUM.

GIVIN' OFF *DEADLY RADIATION.*

IN AN *ENCLOSED SPACE* FULL O' *INNOCENT PEOPLE.*

I GOTTA GET 'IM *OUTTA* HERE.

NO MATTER *WHAT IT TAKES.*

NO MATTER *HOW BAD IT HURTS.*

JUST SO LONG AS IT DOESN'T HURT *HER.*

KRROOOOSHHH

GET UP.

I SAID *GET UP*, YOU WEEPY LITTLE *BABY*.

HE'S STANDING OVER YOU, *LAUGHING*, THINKING OF WHAT HE'S GONNA *DO* TO YOU.

GET ON YOUR FEET AND FIGHT!

HUHH...?

BLACKED OUT...

...MUST'VE LANDED ON MY HEAD.

AN' *THAT'S* WHERE *RED* LANDED.

IT... HE...

WENT *THAT* WAY...

RUNNING...

...BUT WHY?

I WAS *DOWN, HELPLESS...*WHY DIDN'T HE--?

BECAUSE *HE'S NOT AFTER ME.*

BECAUSE HE'S GOTTEN EITHER *SMARTER* OR *MORE DESPERATE* SINCE THE *LAST* TIME WE TANGLED.

RED'S AFTER THE *CARBONADIUM SYNTHESIZER*, AN' THE ONLY TARGETS HE'S GONNA *WASTE HIS TIME ON...*

SNIKT

SNIKT

...ARE THE ONES STANDIN' BETWEEN *HIM* AN' *WHAT HE WANTS.*

WOLVIEE!